

The Marauders

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Summary: I solemnly swear I am up to no good. Not just friends; brothers. But before that, so different. A perfect-on-the-outside Gryffindor, a blood traitor, a reject, and a werewolf. How did they become the Marauders they are? A friendship closer than blood. Follow them as a unique relationship is formed between all. Don't mean to beg, but read and review, please?

1. Chapter 1

Summary: The Marauders were more than friends; they were brothers. A blood-traitor, a reject, a werewolf, and a... Potter. Follow their journey throughout this *magical* time.

****A/N: This is my first story, so please feel free to leave me tips and comments in the review box!****

Sirius

An ornate trunk, perfectly polished, treasured from generations before. Yet, none of it was worn. In almost perfect condition, it dauntingly sat right next to the front door. Carvings were etched into all sides, depicting clear images. A vine and serpent, snaking their way through all of it, as a definable constant.

Majestic swirls and spirals spun themselves around the center of the top, where in a dignified script, one important motto was written.

Toujours Pur

For Sirius, those two words meant everything. Everything he stood for, everything he was, the past, the present, the future. All in two seemingly innocent words. Without toujours pur, he would be a commoner, dirty with the blood of muggles and mudbloods alike.

But what was so bad about them?

No. Sick with himself, Sirius quickly pushed thoughts like those away. They were dangerous. Those thoughts - they were the kind that got Uncle Alphard blown off of the family tree. His family - they were all he had.

Yet some part of him hoped - no, foolishly thought - that maybe his family wasn't right, that maybe muggleborns - no, mudbloods, he reminded himself, weren't that different, that maybe it was the Black family that was different, not the other way around.

But this pureblood thinking was all that he had known. Ever since he was little, those thoughts were drilled into his mind, and now he could barely muster up the courage to even bother thinking these rebellious thoughts. One day, when he had long since become the perfect Slytherin, he would look back and see just how foolish he had been. He must. There was no other option. There couldn't be.

But he had never been able to be the perfect heir. He was always wrong, he always wore the wrong clothes, he always used the wrong fork. His looks, manners, everything about him was not good enough. He was not perfect. He was not good enough. The bruises showed that well enough. He couldn't help what he thought, even despite the way that he had been raised. He had always been more defiant, willing to face his father's fury rather than back down, unlike Regulus.

These corrupt thoughts were put out of his mind as his mother's voice came shrieking from upstairs. He realized, with mixed emotions, that he had been standing by the front door for almost ten minutes now. A quick glance at his watch told him that they had only ten minutes until the train for Hogwarts left. He couldn't miss the train!

"SIRIUS ORION BLACK! WE HAVE TEN MINUTES TO GET YOU IN FULL ATTIRE AND OUT THE DOOR! HOW DARE YOU DISRESPECT YOUR FAMILY LIKE THIS! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING THIS WHOLE PAST HOUR, FROLICKING WITH THE MUDBLOODS?! GET UP HERE THIS INSTANT! YOU'RE DISRESPECTING THE HOUSE OF BLACK, SHAME ON YOU!"

With a somewhat subdued eye roll, Sirius Orion Black, future Slytherin, hurried up the stairs, not at all prepared to face his mother's wrath.

Getting 'fully dressed' was no easy task. Managing to wriggle into his tightly fitted underclothes, he then put on his casual robes, followed by slightly more formal robes on top of that. On his dark blue robes sat the Black crest, a representation of where and who he was. The day was bright and sunny, so there was no need for a cloak.

He grabbed a hairbrush and brushed his hair, even though there was no real need, as each strand was already perfectly in place, as though he had led an army of hair into an organized battle against each bristle of the hairbrush. He really hadn't slept much over the excitement of finally going to Hogwarts, and now the fatigue was really starting to set in.

His mother came down the stairs in a rush, somehow still with grace and a certain haughtiness unrivaled. He grabbed his trunk as his mother took his hand, preparing to side-along apparate him. Just at

that moment, Regulus came up to him.

He looked afraid. So afraid that Sirius would forget all about him, that he would have to face his mother alone. But Sirius shared that fear, just in a different way. While he knew he wouldn't forget about his brother, he did fear what may come to pass in those months without Sirius there, backing Regulus up. Regulus had always been more easily molded than Sirius. He had always found it more right to believe what they were told. Sirius was the only seed of doubt in his mind. But without him there, his mother would have the perfect opportunity to brainwash her perfect son.

Regulus approached him, cautious that their mother would stop him. Although she looked on disapprovingly, she did nothing to stop him.

"Please, Sirius, be careful."

It was barely a whisper, quiet enough so that the matriarch of the family couldn't hear it. Those four words seemed so irrelevant, but to Sirius, they were the world. If you knew Regulus at all, in the tone of voice, you could hear the unspoken plea for Sirius to stay. You could hear the desperation behind every syllable, willing Sirius not to go. And for a second, he almost didn't. Part of him just wanted to stay, if only to protect his little brother, who wouldn't be going to Hogwarts until Sirius was in his third year. The brothers were different, sure, and they had their arguments like all brothers do, but at the end of the day, they were all each other had.

But Sirius pushed all these thoughts away. It would only be a few months until he was back for the holidays. So instead of all he wanted to say, he just quietly whispered four words back, hoping he could convey the same meaning that Regulus had to him.

"And you too, Regulus."

And just like that, his mother's hand was on him, and the entrance room was no more than a blur of shapes and sounds and colors, swirling around endlessly.

A/N: There will be counterparts of this chapter with the other three. Please review! I'll definitely post the next chapter soonish if I get at least one review! (Hey, I'm shooting low) See you soon!

2. Chapter 2

A/N: One reviewer asked if I would be doing one chapter for each Marauder in the start. Yes, I will. Here's James, next I think I'm going to do Remus.

James

A sleek trunk. Small etchings around all of the sides, barely noticeable except for when hitting the light, casting shadows of designs of a lion, and the Potter crest. The latches didn't squeak at all when they moved, perfectly shiny. James liked to look at the handcrafted etchings when he was bored. They weren't symbols there - it was a story, depicted through illustrations, stretching from one

side to another. If you looked close enough, you could see embedded in the trunk were also a badger, eagle, and serpent.

The rest of the manor was silent, as James stood there. The house-elves were on other levels; down in their quarters, tidying up one of their private quarters on levels above, or down in the kitchens.

And his parents - They couldn't come. They had left three days ago on a mission. He never knew when they were coming back; he never knew if they would come back at all. They said he should be able to come back for Christmas; they shouldn't be on a mission at that time.

Shouldn't.

But they always were. They always said they shouldn't be gone, but they always were. James had grown up lonely. He had as much money as he could have wanted, he had a huge house, he had parents that loved him, sure. To anyone looking on he seemed to have the perfect life. He was James Charlus Potter, sole heir to the Gryffindor line! There were hundreds of swords he had used in the training room, and he had so much magic in his blood, he didn't know what to do with it!

But he had never had someone to confide in, someone to share a bond with. He was his parents' miracle. They were old when they had him; they thought they wouldn't be able to have any children. Yet James came, and as they reminded him countlessly, they would've traded all they had and more to have him.

James had never had any friends. He had never snuck out of the house, he had never been able to celebrate his birthday with friends, he had never been able to stay up late into the night, just talking. He longed for human company more than anything else. His only outlet was through his drawing and painting.

Years ago, when his parents left for a long mission, he felt too alone. It had been weeks since they left, and he had meandered through the manor. He had long since discovered all of the hidden passages and rooms, except for the ones he was banned from. Well, that's what his parents thought. There was no one in the house except for him, like it often was. He had leaned against the wall, thinking desperately about how he would love for something to do, something that only he could do. He had always been talented at quidditch and at magic, but there was always someone more talented.

He wanted something he would be good at that no one else was.

Where the wall was a second before, there was suddenly air. And he fell. He would like to say that he tumbled gracefully, but that was not true. Desperate to make contact with something solid, he groped about, his arms stretching into the darkness, trying to feel anything. His body started to feel weightless, and his heart beat erratically, and now he was enjoying the fall, and he started to think of it not as a fall, but as a leap. But all too soon, it was over.

He landed with a soft _thwump_ on some sort of thick padding. His interest piqued, he got up and cast a lighting spell with his hands. He didn't have a wand yet, being only eight at the time, but his

parents and tutors had taught him how to control his wandless magic.

He was standing on ground that looked hard, but felt like foam, an enchantment. The room was huge, not nearly as huge as the living room, but larger than his own room. The walls, despite being stone, still looked comforting. In the center of his room sat countless art supplies. Easels propping up canvases of all sizes, with oil and watercolor and acrylic paints in hundreds of colors. There were sketchbooks and large, thick, papers. There were what seemed like thousands of colored pencils, different brands and types and colors. And there were so many pens, in different thicknesses and colors.

James knew it. Somehow, this room had delivered him a cure to boredom.

His parents hadn't found out until a last year, where they demanded to know what James was hiding. He had been acting strangely about his parents going into his room ever since he discovered the art supplies, considering he had been hanging them up all over his room for inspiration. When his parents saw them, the product of years of loneliness, their mouths dropped open.

"James," his mother breathed, taking in every inch of his walls, "this is - how - why did you not tell us?"

James didn't reply, but instead looked down at his feet, blushing profusely.

Before he knew it, he was overladen with even more than he had found in that room.

He stood now, in front of the door, with his trunk in one hand and his owl, Bubonem, in the other. It was 11:00, and he had to walk to the nearest floo fireplace, before flooing to King's Cross. They had fireplaces connected to the floo at their house, but his parents insisted on disconnecting them whenever they went away.

So he set off, still reminiscing on years past, walking at a steady pace down the streets in the bright sunlight, heading for a friend of his dad's shop, where he would be able to floo to the station. All alone, a misunderstood boy walked, trunk in one hand, owl cage in another, wand tucked safely in a holster his parents had gotten him for his eleventh birthday. He could practically hear his parents wishes of good luck to him, and at last, he was comforted.

****A/N:** I got the idea of James being an artist from another fic. I forget what it was called, but I'll post it if I remember. The name Bubonem (according to google translate) means 'owl' in latin. So original. Thanks to all the reviewers from last chapter, can we get three for this chapter?******

End
file.